



THE DEPUTIES GHOST:

OR

An APPARITION to the
Lord of *Canterbury* in the *Tower*.

With his complaint unto the
wall after the Ghosts departure.

BRING

An Acrostick Anagramme of his
Name.



Without corruption or that corrupted Cave,
From out that body from the head divided,
From mortall life, from death, and from the grave,
And from the Elizian by immortals guided,
Into the world I come for to reprove thee;
Because the World reports that I doe love thee.
Proud *Prelate*, dost thou startle at a shade?
What substance have I to make thee affraid,
Or art thou fearefull of thy sociat's Ghost,
A voyce, a shade, or fancy at the most?
Surely your Grace cannot so soon be danted;
'Tis not the first time we have bin acquainted.
Why! I am *Wentworth*, canst thou not abide me?
Nay surely then I must begin to chide thee.
Oh would I'd been as loathsome in thine eye,
When first to Honour I was rais'd so high?
Or had I never thy confederate beene,
The tree that's fallen might still have flourish't greene:
For if I'd never to thy wayes consented,
Untimely death had surely beene prevented;
Nor had mine Honours at that day beene stained,
If I such wicked courses had refrained:
Then had my wife her husband still enjoyed,
Nor had my childrens father beene destroyed,
Whose life was lately tane away by force
That longer might have liv'd by Natures course,
And yet to dye I truly had deserved,
Because with thee, I from the truth had swarved:
My Lord, you know, it is a trayterous part,
That any man should seeke for to subvert
The fundamentall Lawes and Government,
Confirmed by the course of *Parliament*:
And yet my Lord you formerly could say,
You'd make the proudest Subject to give way
To what you list contrary to the Law,
As if you'd make the Kingdome stand in awe
Of your great power, such was your foule ambition
To pull down truth and set up superstition,
And held the power of Prelacy more great
Then his that ruleth in the Royall seate:
Nay more then that, with threatnings interrupted
The Judges, that their Judgements were corrupted;
Yet now my Lord, the Law will not forbear you,
Since neither Judge, nor Justice needs to feare you.
But stay my Lord, what meane you thus to tremble?
Can you not still, with God and man dissemble:
They went beyond a *Canterbury* pace,
That ran so fast to overtake your Grace,
And yet you see how sudden alterations,
Move mighty men with Melancholy passions,
I know my Lord when you was in your prime
You'd not have kept your study halfe this time:
Oh no my Lord, you then enjoy'd your pleasure,
Your betters then would stand & waite your leisure,
The greater sort of persons seem'd to feare you,
The poore men durst scarce speake, nor come too ne're you,

But now you see the matter's alter'd quite,
They bid you shew the ut most of your spite,
And yet my Lord it is not many yeares,
They durst to use such speeches for their eares:
My Lord as I unscene past through the streets,
I see the multitudes of paper sheets,
Sent from the Presse, and thus they cry them still,
Come buy a booke concerning little Will:
In truth, my Lord, if you your freedome had,
This were enough to make you run starke mad,
Therefore I at your grace doe marvell much,
Your love unto the World it should be such,
But rather seeke for to be separated
From such a world, where you are so much hated:
In any place where men abroad doe walke,
When dyes the Bishop? thus they use to talke:
All which my Lord would be but 9 dayes wonder,
If once your head and shoulders were asunder:
Alas my Lord why are you loath to dye?
You have offended full as much as I.
What feare you meeting *Bensteads* Ghost in Hell?
Why? he's in Heaven, for ought that you can tell,
And if he be in Heaven, yet never feare,
It may be long ere he doe meet you there,
And yet me thinkes you did but ill in that,
To hang the man, and knew not well for what:
Hang'd him said I? nay hang and draw and quarter,
And yet my Lord, you thinke to dye a Martyr:
On *London* bridge you may behold a Head, (dead,
How much is't worse then yours, when once you'r
And others more my Lord you put in danger,
who fear'd the rack, more then they did the manger,
And thus my Lord, you see how times can alter,
You thought o'th rack, but dream'd not of t'halter:
Which to your selfe, I leave you now alone,
Unto the wall speake thus, when I am gone.

An Anagramme made on the name of *William*
Laud,

Wall vild am I, Or Wall I am vild.

All if thou knew'st thy prisoner were so base,
And hadst but sense to understand aright,
Thou shouldst not have lived in this place,
Time, wood, & stone would all against me fight,
If that I had my just deserved doome,
The Archbishop once might bid adieu to *Rome*,
Much mischief in the Kingdome I have wrought,
Asing the meanes to make my name more great,
Into the land I would have Popery brought,
See here's the downfall of *St. Peters* seate,
Downe with it, downe, this is the peoples cry,
I did offend, and therefore I must dye.

FINIS.